

Unintentionally Irresistible

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Summary: Mello tried his best to look GREAT in front of Near for their reunion after all these years and Near did not even turn around to look at him. Maybe he was trying to keep a straight face so he did not dare turn around.

Unintentionally Irresistible

_Mello tried his best to look GREAT in front of Near for their reunion after all these years and Near did not even turn around to look at him. Maybe he was trying to keep a straight face so he did not dare turn around. _

Near's hands roamed his own body, dipping between his legs to feel what was unmistakably an erection through his soft, white cloth pajamas. He had known he could not feign his childish innocence forever but to be pulled out of it so abruptly and Mello of all people—Arousal was not something completely foreign to him but actually dealing with it? That was a whole new world. Near knew what felt good but not what would satisfy it, get rid of it, put a stop the feelings that kept creeping out to play when he least wanted them to. It was all Mello's fault, he had shown up in a storm of blonde hair and tight, tight leather, the scent of it hitting Near the instant his rival had burst through the doors with his hostage, demanding that Near return to him the photo he had left behind at Wammy's.

He could not even look at Mello; he knew what he would see. Leather clinging to his long, thin legs, leaving so little to Near's vivid imagination, a face, scarred but not beyond recognition of one who had known him since childhood, and the gun Mello had pointed at his head.

Just the memory of it was all it took to make the albino groan audibly, grasping at his hair with one hand, the other resting on his inner thigh. His mind was racing to find a solution to this problem and he was growing desperate when he got a call, his phone beeping at

him from his nightstand. Near's hands flew first to his sides, cheeks reddening in shame of his own weakness. It took several more loud beeps from his phone to knock him out of it and make him jump up to answer his phone with his calmest voice.

"Hello?" Near was impressed by himself, his voice had not even cracked in the slightest, it had to be believable to he was perfectly calm and collected, not a lustful mess of white hair and pale skin on his bed.

"Near, do not hang up. It's Mello, obviously. We need to talk, privately, so I am coming back to your headquarters. Do not let anyone get in my way, alright? I will not kill you, promise." Mello hung up without giving Near so much as a second to answer him and Near swore he could have screamed. Mello was going to come back? After all of that he wanted to speak with Near again, face to face, alone. Mello could not ever just speak calmly to him, what on Earth could he want to say badly enough to want to do exactly that? Not to mention Near currently had bigger problems that he could not face Mello with. This could not end well.

It hit Near only minutes after the call had ended that Mello very well could have seen through his act during their previous meeting. What if he knew? Knew how much something as simple as what he wore could be held over his albino rival's head? He would use it of course. Near doubted Mello would ever wear anything other than leather if he found out. That was just how he was, anything to beat Near. Anything to be number one. Near could not allow that, he had to be presentable when Mello showed up, he could not react to Mello's attempts to discover his weaknesses. Near finally sighed, pulled himself out of bed and made the announcement for whomever on guard to take the night off, he was confident in their security. Just saying it made him cringe but it was as believable as always and Mello's way was cleared just like that. Now the only problem was how to calm himself.

He tried puzzles, towers of cards and dice, little toy robots, anything that might take his mind off Mello. Nothing worked. Soon enough he saw Mello enter the SPK building via a camera connected to his laptop and sighed inwardly. No escaping this now.

Mello stood in the doorway and Near sat on the floor, eyes locked on the puzzle laid out before him. One hand twirling his hair, the other resting in his lap.

"Hello, Mello." He commented, refusing to look up even slightly. Mello was still leather-clad, Near could tell by the way the heavy scent of it slowly filled his senses, threatening to take out what little bit of control he had managed to build up in the half hour between Mello's call and arrival.

"Do you not have the courage to look me in the eyes, Near? Not even after writing "Dear Mello" on the back of my photograph?" Mello's voice cut through the haze like a bullet, piercing through Near worse than armour-piercing rounds. "Dear Mello," that was what this was about? Unbelievable.

"I don't lack courage simply because I have no need to look upon your face Mello." A weak answer, he would see though it.

"You are afraid of something, Near." He saw through it.

"What do I have to fear?"

"I don't know, does my face strike such disgust in you that can not bear to look upon it?"

"Of course not." Near replied quickly, perhaps too quickly. He added a calmer, "Why would your face bother me, Mello? It is not so disfigured to strike fear in the heart of one who has known you since childhood."

"Then why? Scared of a little leather?" His tone was joking, but his words so accurate that they burned themselves into Near's mind, pushing him just enough that his eyes widened ever so slightly and he looked up on instinct. What took a split second to do did hours worth of damage to Near's resolve. He had not even allowed his eyes to linger over the details of Mello's clothing and yet the image of them had imprinted so keenly into his consciousness that it was all he could think about in an instant. Black leather pants tight around those long, thin legs, grasping at every inch of skin that they covered. Even his coat was, more than likely, leather. The look on Near's face must have spoken volumes to Mello, that or the slight blush creeping across his face was much more noticeable than he thought it might be.

"Oh god, Near. That was right, was it not? You really are scaredâ€¦ Well no, scared is not the right termâ€¦ You like this. Do not lie to me." Mello was as intelligent as ever, seeing straight through Near's attempts at keeping a straight face.

"I suppose there is no point now, is there, Mello? I will be honest with youâ€¦ Yes. I am quite fond of your attire. Does that make Mello Uncomfortable? Can we get on with whatever it was you interrupted my night for, please? The sooner I can get some sleep the better." Near really tried to brush it off, he really did. Mello refused to drop it however.

"Let me guess, that would be why you are sitting so awkwardly on the floor? Trying to hide something from me, Near?" If Near expected Mello to be angry or disgusted or even surprised he was wrong, that or Mello was damn good at hiding it. His tone gave away nothing beyond a simple curiosity. It was convincing enough to make Near feel comfortable enough with answering Mello's questions with a slight nod as he averted his gaze back to his puzzle, hand shaking just enough to be noticeable if one was to carefully examine it as he laid a piece down in its place. The soft click of pieces being fit into a puzzle was the only sound besides two people breathing quietly for nearly a minute until Mello knelt down in front of Near, blue eyes piercing through him once more.

"Well? Going to let me help you with that or what? We can not have a serious conversation with your mind half here half in la la land. You are obviously incompetent in the art of taking care of your own problems or this situation would not have occurred at all." Near's head jerked up, steely eyes meeting icy ones.

"Mello, this is not good timing for jokes."

"Who said I was joking you twit?" If Near was hearing Mello

correctly-

"Hey, snap out of it! Do not even think about over-analyzing this. I am offering exactly what you think I am offering, nothing to think over there. Justâ€¦ Stop thinking and touch me you stupid sheep. You have my permission." Mello stood back up only to walk over to the bed Near had been laying in not even an hour ago, frustrated and undeniably aroused, and sit back down, motioning for Near to come closer. "Oh, and do not act shy, it would be too unlike you." Mello leaned back, watching Near.

Near could only stare at him, dumb-founded, for several long moments in what was either disbelief or some other feeling that Mello failed to read on his expressionless face. When he finally did move it seemed to be with great effort, his pale hand shaking as it came to rest on Mello's knee, moving to feel the smooth texture of the material that was to be his down fall. Near was not going to question the how or why of the situation just yet, save the interrogation for afterwards, it was something he could just tuck away for now. Right now he was focused intently on running his fingers over Mello's legs, examining what had brought on so much frustration and what he had, quite honestly, fetishized. His eyes closed as his hands moved up to touch the laces of the other's pants, feeling Mello tense under his touch.

"Is this too much, Mello? Would you prefer for me to stop?" Near leaned back, looking up at Mello with his head tilted. This earned him a glare and a half-hearted kick to his knee.

"Shut up, Near, do not make me regret being nice to you for once. Get on the bed, we are switching positions." That they did, Mello went to his knees on the floor, Near took a seat on the bed, looking down at his rival with a touch of curiosity gleaming in his eyes. He did not know what to expect when Mello looked back up at him, locking eyes with him just long enough to be a distraction as his hand traveled up Near's leg to grasp rub slow circles on his inner thigh. Blue eyes closed and Near soon thoroughly examined the ceiling, head thrown back the instant he felt the warmth of Mello's breath on the crotch of his white cotton pants. By instinct or habit one, Near's mind kicked in to analyze the situation, he refused to let a single second slip past without it being documented and dedicated to memor-

"Mello! Wh-what-?" Near's train of thought ended abruptly as Mello yanked down his pants without warning. There was a high percentage chance that Mello had done this on purpose. Did he not realize that if Near could not think this all over logically that he would basically be forced to throw all calculation and common sense out the window?

"Near, do not make me tell you to shut up again." Mello warned, tone softer than usual however, almost endearing. Much softer than his words, however, was his tongue. He had managed to slip Near's underwear off whilst distracting Near skillfully. Near swallowed hard, feeling his face heat up as he felt more exposed than he ever had before. This was different from any instance of having to hurriedly change in front of someone or one of those brief physical examinations they had biyearly at Wammy's House. This was Mello, focused solely on his body and focused even more intently on a part of him that received virtually no attention even from himself. It was not that he was insecure about it, no, Near had never seen any need

to be, this was just bizarre. Not to say it was unpleasantâ€¦|

Once more Near focused on the details of what was happening... Warm, soft lips around the head, a tongue, smooth and skilled lapping at the very tip. Mello sucked long and hard, it was torture of the best kind. The kind Near did not feel any pain from, just a burning that would not go away as his fingers got lost in Mello's hair, tugging lightly, encouraging him to take more of him into wet heat that was his mouth. Mello obliged surprisingly, hollowing his cheeks and bobbing his head, looking up at Near from his position between his legs.

Everything afterwards was a blur of gasps and stifled moans for Near and a rush of lust and power for Mello. He had this over Near. If all it took to turn Near into such a mess was him dressing like this Mello would have to take a mental note to do so more often.

"Dear Mello, I wish I had more to say but nothing can express the feeling of losing an emotionless facade to your one and only rival."

End
file.